

Horse Department.

PROSPECTUS.

The increasing prosperity of the Register is gratifying to its owners; but its circulation isn't a tenth part of what we intend it shall be. The Register is the highest authority in the world on the true history and pedigree of the American road horse. As such it deserves and must get the very widest circulation. Its Horse Department is worth many times its subscription price—valuable, instructive, entertaining. From all over the country we have an immense amount of original matter coming in for this department; and we expect to be able to give soon the history and pedigree of the following famous horses hitherto unknown: Old Pilot, St. Lawrence, Columbus, dam of Royal George, North American or Bullock Horse, Lady Surrey, dam of Henry Clay, Tom Thumb, g. s. of Green's Bashaw, Leonidas, reputed g. s. of Biggart's Rattler, and many others.

This is pre-eminently the kind of information that all gentlemen of intelligence desire, and none such American can well afford to be without this paper. It is the American gentleman's paper for the history of the horse. In all such information there is included much local and general history. Indeed, the tracing of some of these pedigrees seems very similar to a romance, in which one sees not only the animated bearing and noble action of the horse, but also the life and beauty of the country through which he travels.

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

The work on the first volume of the Register of Morgan Horses goes steadily forward. It will consist of about 500 pages, and contain about 4000 pedigrees, with much additional matter, be well illustrated and handsomely bound. All stallions of merit tracing in direct male line to Justin Morgan, foaled 1820 and before and having at least one sixty-fourth blood of the original Morgan horse, will be recorded free; for stallions foaled since 1820 and mares with such inheritance as above, the usual fee of \$1 is charged. The price of the book is not yet fixed, but will be made as low as can be afforded, so that the work may be widely distributed. Blanks for pedigrees furnished on application. Address, JOSEPH BATELL, Middlebury, Vt.

THE DAM OF ETHAN ALLEN.

Mr. Thomson seems to have finished his remarkable exhibition of ignorance, to use no harsher term, upon this mare. We do not know as he ventures a statement of her birth. He has given the testimony of Wm. Bevins in such a way as to suggest that his story was true. This story rests upon absolutely nothing but Wm. Bevins' statement; and, as we have remarked once before, he is spoken of as the most notorious liar that can be remembered in the history of Hague. This does not make a particle of difference with men made as Mr. Thomson is, but with the world at large (for the average man has some sense) it makes so much difference that unless supported by other testimony it is entirely discarded. This whole batch of stuff that comes from Wm. Bevins is a lie pure and simple made out of whole cloth, the object being undoubtedly, to pretend to know something that others did not and to bring himself into notoriety as the owner of the granddam. The story is disproved by Ira Potter, an unimpeachable witness, brother to Reuben, who, Wm. Bevins says, bought the mare of Ambrose Potter and sold to Rufus Rising. Ira Potter says this is not true; that his brother never bought such a mare, or sold any mare to Rufus Rising, though he did sell him a gray gelding about 1834. And we presume this is the gray gelding traded in the summer 1835 to Fred Leland at Apollon Austin's in Orwell by Rufus Rising for the dam of Ethan Allen, as has been shown in the REGISTER.

There is also just fibre enough of truth in the fact of Reuben Potter's selling this gray gelding to Rufus Rising for the ordinary liar or romancer to make up his yarn on. So in the fact that Ambrose Potter owned a black mare we have the suggestion of another part of this yarn. The fact that the sons of Ambrose Potter, abundantly old enough to remember, do not remember that their father ever owned a colt, and are very sure that he did not, disproves this part of Wm. Bevins' story.

Now what remains? There is, first, the story of Ira Potter, that Rufus Rising raised the dam of Ethan from the John Glazier mare. This is unsupported by any testimony except that of Ira Potter, and he when questioned as to how he knows, shows that he does not know, only heard it said. It adds to the proof, abundant otherwise, that Rufus Rising had the John Glazier mare, and is in itself a strong suggestion that that mare was not the dam of Ethan. It is to be remembered that Ira Potter, a trustworthy witness, worked for Warner Cook and drove for him with another horse one or more winters this gray mare that was the dam of Ethan Allen.

Second, the story that the John Glazier mare was the dam of Ethan Allen.

And, third, that a mare bought in Vermont by Rufus Rising and sold by him to George Johnson was the one.

We see the first of these theories is entirely unsupported by evidence.

We will consider the second—that the John Glazier mare was the dam of Ethan. There is no question but that Rufus Rising did own the John Glazier mare, a gray mare, quite similar in size and description to the dam of Ethan. This is proved by the testimony, direct and complete, of Mr. Ackerman and Hoyt Johnson, both unimpeachable witnesses; also by that of Ira Potter and other testimony. Hoyt Johnson says he himself drove this mare when John Glazier owned her, in 1829, from Hague to Bennington, Vt. He fixes the date the year after he first went to Hague (1825) and the year before his marriage (1827) as shown by the family record, and he says that

two years after, in 1828, Rufus Rising got this mare from John Glazier. Benager Ackerman, an honest, upright and most intelligent witness, testified that in 1828 when informant was drawing logs at Crane Pond Rufus Rising had and worked this gray mare. It may, then, be considered as certain that at or about 1828 Mr. Rising got this John Glazier mare and owned her a number of years, probably till 1833 or '34, when, after having shipped her in a snowdrift, he sold her to George Johnson, who traded her to Caleb Balcom and son, who in turn sold her to Wm. H. Balcom. Wm. H. Balcom raised four or five colts from her and gave her, he said, in the fall of 1841, to Ira Wallace of Northeast Bay. Now Mr. Thomson assumes, and indeed, says, that this was the dam of Ethan Allen. He says this though the testimony is overwhelming that it was not; and he says it in an article that is paraded as authoritative without giving or speaking of this testimony, and still he must have read it all, has read it all. It is like his statement that a horse was born a certain year when he knew nothing whatever about it, except the testimony of the owner which he had just given, that it was born four years later. His intuitions are to him above ordinances; they are greater than facts. We hardly know how to place a logician of this sort. We could use harsh language about him, but we prefer not to. It is perhaps natural for one to persist in a view that he has taken, but he will certainly stand in the end alone if he cannot support it by evidence.

Let us consider the testimony.

In the first place we have very strong testimony that Rufus Rising owned this gray mare, the dam of Ethan, when he moved from his old residence, near the school house, to the new one, where his son now lives, about 1838. This was certainly after 1837. Benager Ackerman, one whose testimony was wonderfully accurate at every point, and as upright a man as the sun ever shone on, testified to this; was very sure he had the gray mare when he moved to the new farm. So was Myron Balcom, and so was the best witness of all in this whole matter, J. B. Rising. We may, then, consider it almost if not quite certain that Rufus Rising had a small gray mare, and the small gray mare that was the dam of Ethan in 1838. He could not have had the John Glazier mare then, for Wm. H. Balcom had her at that time. Hence she could not have been the mare. We have the testimony of Azro Bailey that he worked for W. H. Cook in 1841 or 2 while he owned this mare; that informant drove her to Weybridge, and that she was a young mare not over seven or eight, or so. At that time the shipped John Glazier mare was over 20. We have much testimony that this mare came from Vermont; that Mr. Rising got her there. This was J. H. Wallace's original statement in regard to the mare, looked up a good many years ago by Woodward and Baldwin for him. This is the positive statement of Hoyt Johnson, who says he knows he got her in Vermont about 1834 or 5 and sold her about 1837 or 8 to George Johnson, his brother, and he, soon after, to Rufus Rising.

But testimony that is to us conclusive, that she is not the John Glazier shipped mare, comes again from Justus B. Rising. We know that Mr. Rising knew more about the mare than any one else we saw. We know that he was perfectly truthful and knew exactly what he was talking about. It was his testimony that made it certain that the mare Rufus Rising had was the dam of Ethan. He knew this with absolute certainty. Our notes taken at the time of the last conversation say: Justin B. Rising says that his father, Horace Rising, used to go up to Hague in the fall and log through the winter, and that he went with him when about 14 and drew logs; he does not remember that he saw the mare at that time, but thinks it was afterward; used to see her frequently when he was there in the summer because she ran in the lot next to his place; remembers her having a colt; thinks it was an iron-gray colt; thinks the mare was a young mare. (Mr. Rising was born in 1820 and his father died in 1837.) He thinks it was after his father's death that he saw the mare with the colt, but would not be certain. The mare was quite a jumper and they used to have a poke on her. Has seen his Uncle Rufus drive her in a team on the farm, but never saw him draw logs with her; does not think he ever drew logs with her; he seldom drew logs; he had a brown mare that he drove with her. Is quite sure he saw her there before his father's death; thinks that Ira Potter would be pretty apt to know about the mare, as he lived right there among the Risings and married Betsey Balcom, a sister of Uncle Zeno Rising's wife; he is an honest square man. Wm. Bevins always lived there. Rufus Rising lived very near where his son Rufus does now, this way a little farther south not more than 150 rods, where the mare had the colt. He moved from there to where Rufus lives now. The old place is near the school house on the upper side of the road. He moved first into a very small house, then built another that has been fixed over into the present one, which was built after his brother Horace's death. The first of our informant remembers of his Uncle Rufus he was living at the school house place, where young Rufus was born. He had the gray mare when he lived there, and, he thinks, had her when he moved into the small house; thinks his (Rufus') daughter was born after he moved on to the present farm.

In another interview Mr. J. B. Rising said: "I can't say that Uncle Rufus had the mare when I drove oxen up there at 14 (1834). I think that was before he had the mare. It was right away after that, perhaps a year or more, that Uncle Rufus had the mare. I knew the mare well. I did not see George Johnson have her, but it was always understood that she passed through George Johnson's hands. I knew the mare in Warner Cook's hands and always after that. I was a particular friend of Warner's, Warner Cook's son, and was well acquainted with Warner and his folks. Think he used to ride her. I frequently saw her in Warner Cook's hands—in Warner's and Wm. H. Cook's. I am just as confident it was the mare my Uncle Rufus had as I am that I stand here. Zeno Rising never owned her; I think he did drive her. He lived close by Rufus—only one farm between. I never heard Uncle Rufus say but I always understood he got her over the lake. I think Uncle Rufus raised a colt from her; I know she had a colt. She got out and came up to my father's place with a colt by her side. Rufus always bred his mares. She came from the place Zeno and Joel and Abel Rising owned together up to our place. I set the dog on her. I noticed that she trotted from the dog. I don't know whether she was kept on the place of Zeno and brothers or strayed there."

Rufus Rising, Jr., son of the Rufus that owned the mare, born 1824 and now living at the old place, says it was as late as 1838 when they moved on to the new place.

Against this exact and convincing testimony of J. B. Rising Mr. Thomson puts his intuitions, and says that at the time when Mr. Rising says he saw her repeatedly and constantly at his Uncle Rufus' place, in Hague, while he was living on the next farm, Wm. H. Balcom was owning her and breeding colts from her miles away. Mr. Thomson's egg shell will have to crush. It may do for him, but it is too thin for any one else. As light as air must be any one who can stand on it; as dim and misty as the material of which dreams are made must be the mental quality of that man who against the evidence produced, and supported by the evidence obtained, could believe what Mr. Thomson without qualification or question has stated as the fact.

And what is the evidence in support? This and nothing more—Mr. Cushman's belief and statement that the John Glazier mare, old and shipped, was sold by Ira Wallace to Warner Cook, and was the dam of Ethan Allen.

The statement of Mr. B. Woodward to Mr. T.—that the dam of Ethan was shipped; the statement of Mrs. W. H. Cook that she was shipped, but this statement of Mrs. Cook was made to us and made exactly in this way: "She was shipped. I think that was what they call it." It is to be remembered that twice this number of good men and horsemen say that the dam of Ethan was not shipped but spavined. This is all. There isn't one particle of other evidence that we know of. There is much else we haven't mentioned against the John Glazier and Wm. H. Balcom shipped mare being the dam of Ethan. C. M. Balcom of Rosendale, Wis., writes, under date of Jan. 4, 1886:

"Yours of the 26th ult. received. In reply—Mr. Rising may have owned the mare as early as 1828 but I do not remember her till two or three years later. She was not a colt when I first knew her. He owned her as late as 1838. Whether he raised or bought her I do not know; if he bought her I have no idea of whom. I do not remember of her having raised any colts while Rising owned her. I remember her in the hands of Warner Cook. I left Hague in August, 1845. I made my home with Wm. H. Balcom for some years; he owned a gray mare, but she had been shipped and was very lame and was not the dam of Ethan Allen.

Yours truly,

C. M. BALCOM.

A second letter from Mr. Balcom says: "Wm. H. Balcom's father and my father were brothers and lived half a mile apart. After my father's and his father's death I made my home with him and worked out for farmers and others in that vicinity until he left Hague some two years before I left that place. The Wm. H. Balcom mare was an old, shipped and very lame mare when he bought her of our uncle, Caleb Balcom, for a small sum. I was about 14 years old at that time. I know that the mare was dead before Ethan Allen was foaled."

In another letter, Mr. C. M. Balcom says: "I think the mare you enquire for passed direct from Rufus Rising to Warner Cook. I was born in Hague, in June, 1818." And again in a letter dated Dec. 21, 1885: "In answer to yours of the 15th I have to say that I am positive that John Harris or Wm. H. Balcom never owned the dam of Ethan Allen. The first I remember of her was when I was quite a boy, before I came to mandoo. She was owned by Rufus Rising, who owned her a number of years, and called her his 'old colt.' If Rising sold her to other parties than Warner Cook they kept her but a short time and I never heard of the transfer."

Mr. N. W. Moon writes from Rosendale, Wis., Jan. 22, 1886: "I went to work for Warner Cook in the year 1840 in the month of April. He gave me my board and clothes for what I could do. I was 12 years old at that time; I was 58 years old last August. In the fall of the year 1840 W. H. Cook moved into the house with his father and took charge of the business. That mare was on that place at that time. I think Warner Cook got her in the year of 1838 or 39.

He got the mare of a man by the name of Rising and I think it was Rufus Rising in the town of Hague."

Mr. Hoyt Johnson writes, Jan. 5, 1886: "Rufus Rising must have kept the John Glazier mare one or two years; I do not know exactly how long; I know he drove her single and he worked her some. Whom he sold her to I do not know."

And he writes again, Jan. 24, 1886, in answer to questions about the dam of Ethan:

I knew John Harris, but he never owned that mare. Caleb Balcom and son never owned that mare, and George Johnson (the writer's brother) never sold her to them. No one ever owned that mare after George got her till he sold her to Warner Cook. Here is a witness, living where he should know all about it, who remembers that Mr. Rising had both mares and that they were separate and distinct.

It has been said, and we said once, that we thought Hoyt Johnson's memory not good, but this was based on the idea that he was mistaken about this mare's coming from Vermont. If he was correct on this—and it now seems he was—there is nothing to impeach his memory. It would seem now that perhaps it was Mr. Thomson's and our own memory that was at fault, and considering the fact that the occurrences took place before we were born it is not remarkable that we should fail to remember them.

The only evidence, then, contrary to the supposition that the mare came from Vermont is Ira Potter's belief that Rufus Rising raised her, which he admits was founded on nothing but hearsay, and Mr. Cushman's statement that she was the John Glazier, Wm. H. Balcom and Ira Wallace mare. It is quite possible that Ira Wallace did sell his old mare to Warner Cook. Mr. Cook might have so bought her and got rid of her before he got home. But let us see how reliable Mr. Cushman is in other statements; for in this way we can best test the value of his testimony. It is admitted by all that he is an honest and worthy man, but he was 86 years old and one witness writes: "You must make allowance for his age."

Mr. Cushman says that Zeno Rising disposed of the Glazier mare to Riley and Wm. Balcom. This is certainly an error. The evidence is inconclusive that Rufus Rising sold her to Geo. Johnson and he to Caleb Balcom, Sr., and his son Samuel S., who in turn sold her to Wm. H. He thinks it was about 1850 that Warner Cook bought the mare of Ira Wallace. At least eleven years out of the way. He doesn't think the mare raised any colts before Holcomb got her. To question whether Mr. Cook raised any colts from her he says, No. Mr. Cook had another gray mare which he had for many years. This is straight testimony that the Ira Wallace mare was not the dam of Ethan, and we cannot see what other gray mare he could refer to of Mr. Cook's except the dam of Ethan. The Cooks owned the dam of Ethan five or six years and raised three colts from her. It is evident that the old man's memory fails some. Then it should be remembered that he has not been interviewed only by letter. We think that a personal interview with him would have elicited the fact that he referred to another mare.

To conclude: The testimony is overwhelming that Rufus Rising had two gray mares, the first one the John Glazier mare that he bought about 1828 and sold about 1833 or '34, after he had shipped her in the snowdrift. The second one, that he bought about 1835 and sold about 1838, and that this last mare was the dam of Ethan Allen. This is very evident entirely outside of the testimony of Fredrick Leland of Middlebury, Vt. Then comes Mr. Leland's testimony fitting like a key to a lock to almost all that had preceded it, and stating that in the summer of 1835 he traded this last gray mare to Rufus Rising for a gray gelding at Apollon Austin's in Orwell, that said mare was one bred by John Field, North Springfield, Vt.; foaled in 1830, whilst he was working for Mr. Field, and bought by him in the winter she was coming four of Mr. Field, and that this mare was got by a horse called Robin or Red Robin, owned by Moses Bates, Springfield, Vt.

Mr. Leland further states that he afterward saw this mare when Mr. Holcomb owned her and at David Hill's, when brought there to be bred to Black Hawk, and that he knows that this was the same mare that he sold to Rufus Rising.

To those of us who know Mr. Leland, and have known him for years, this would be sufficient even though other testimony were adverse, unless it were sufficient to prove that the statement could not be true, but when almost all the other testimony, a very large amount gathered, sustains Mr. Leland's statement, we do not hesitate to say that the pedigree of the dam of Ethan Allen is established beyond a doubt. As Porter Champlin of East Middlebury, a neighbor of Mr. Leland's and a man whose uprightness and judgment is the very highest possible, said: "Mr. Leland told me this same story twenty years ago, and it's right."

It is to be remembered that more effort has been made to trace this mare than probably was ever made before in this country in the tracing of any horse, at a cost of at least \$300, and the testimony obtained was published in the Middlebury Register, extending in serial numbers some four months.

Old and reliable Medicines are the best to depend upon. Acker's Blood Elixir has been prescribed for years for all impurities of the Blood. In every form of Scrofulous, Erythritic or Mercurial disease, it is invaluable. For Rheumatism, has no equal. L. HANAFORD, Druggist, Middlebury.

BUTLER COUNTY (IND.) HORSES.

A Butler county (Ind.) correspondent of the Western Sportsman writes as follows: Having never seen anything in your paper concerning the horse interest in this section I concluded to write you a few lines to let you know what we are doing. There is a fair prospect of having a fine track and fair grounds here the coming summer where the lovers of horses can drive their trotters. When Aristos, Jr., came here in 1880 there was very little interest taken in road horses and there was not to my knowledge a standard-bred mare in the county or a horse that could trot in three minutes. But for the last three years there has been quite a change, and now there is quite a number of standard-bred mares and still more standard producers owned here and a few that can trot fast for their chances.

Mr. A. Aldrich, hotel proprietor, has the brown gelding Harry A., a converted pacer, record 2:42, can beat 2:30. Mr. Aldrich has also two very fine young mares, one of which he drives as a mate to Harry A., the other one he bred to Dr. Newton's stallion by George Wilkes.

Dr. Buchler, dentist, has a standard mare which he bought in Michigan, in foal by Royal Fearnought. She can trot close to 2:40 and is a very fine mare.

Mr. S. G. Stone, our leading druggist, and a new acquisition to the ranks, has recently purchased a large, rangy, chestnut mare by Don J. Robinson that shows indications of speed. Sam intends giving her a chance to show her speed this season, after which he will breed her to some good horse.

Homer Rogers has a bay stallion, sired by Anthony Wayne that is quite speedy. Homer has also a three-year-old filly sired by him, and a two-year-old sired by Aristos, Jr., that are promising.

Dr. J. S. Barnett has a nice bay mare sired by Aristos, Jr., and in foal to Clifford Boy, 2:29, that he thinks highly of.

George Haskins has a four-year-old mare by Aristos, Jr., in foal by Grand Sentinel.

L. J. Deihl has L. J. D., stallion, five years old, by Aristos, Jr., dam by Tom Hunter. This horse is over 16 hands high, can show better than a 2:40 gait. He has only sired three colts, but they are enough to prove that he will make an excellent stock horse, as his colts, if they fail to trot, will have size and style and that will always bring a good price. Leigh is also the happy owner of Maggie M. by Young Wilkes, dam by Black Flying Cloud. Maggie is in foal to Aristos, Jr. Mr. Deihl has also bay mare, Flora Crandall, by Tom Hunter. Flora is the dam of L. J. D., and the filly Moonlight, by Aristos, Jr., we purchased of Judge Threlene, of Lebanon, by Mr. C. E. Shirley, for \$400.

Wm. Wrench has a very fine three-year-old stallion by Aristos, Jr.

Richard Mangler has a two-year-old stallion colt by Aristos, Jr.

THE SPIRIT OF OLD ETHAN.

[From Spirit of the Times, 1841.]

There is one peculiarity about the Vermont, that, perhaps, almost everybody of any observation has discovered. Catch the Green Mountain Boy when and where you will—with money in his pockets or without a single son—with six pair of shirts in his wardrobe, or with nothing but a couple of dickies—sober as a judge or drunk as a lord—catch him, in short, under any imaginary circumstances and you will find beaming brightly the light of love for his own native State. He will swear with marked and peculiar emphasis, that though somewhat small, old Vermont is the greatest State in the "Milky way" of the Union—the most noble gem in the constellation of twenty-six. And then he will point you to John Stark and Ethan Allen, names, he will confidently assure you, which stand higher upon the monument of fame than of any others recorded there. His eye will glisten as he talks of Ethan Allen, and remind you of his capture of Ticonderoga, "in the name of Jehovah and the Continental Congress," of his performances when a prisoner in London—of his frightening the New Yorkers from Charleston No. 4, during the memorable conflict between New York and the New Hampshire grants—of his riding into Albany alone, and dining at the public hotel, when the authorities of the State had offered two hundred pounds sterling for him, dead or alive; and ten thousand other exploits equally characteristic of a man who never knew the emotion of fear. It is a fact well known to every man, woman and child, living within the border of the Switzerland of America, that in the closing days of Allen's life he gave in his adhesion to the doctrine of Pythagoras. He had formerly been a Deist, but finally declared there was more reason in the doctrine of transmigration of souls than any other he had ever heard of. His belief was, at the time of his death, that after his soul left his frame it would take possession of the body of a white horse. In this belief he died.

Some days ago might be seen sauntering carelessly along the levee among fresh imported Dutchmen, Irishmen and Frenchmen, a chap whose land of nativity would never be mistaken by any person who has seen, once in a lifetime, a true specimen of a rough-hewn Vermont. He was a powerful built man, nearly six feet high, with a ruddy open countenance, especially expressive of boldness and freedom. His hat was set jauntily upon the side of his head, one leg of his pantaloons rested upon the top of his stout cowhide boot, for he didn't condescend to wear straps, and his two flats were

thrust deep into his pantaloons pockets. It could hardly be said that his gait was unsteady, but it was evident enough from his whole demeanor that his potations had not been of a character that could be called extremely "thin". While he whistled cheerfully, as he sauntered along, the old National air of "Yankee Doodle" it was easy to discern by the twinkle in his eye that he was ripe for fun and frolic, as well as any more serious fray. Just at this juncture he saw in the road at the distance of a dozen rods or more a drayman, with a stout horse, entirely white. Having a big load, he had recklessly driven one of the wheels into a deep hole in the pavement, from which the horse had failed to start it. The drayman had commenced flogging, the animal became contrary, and there was every probability that it would continue for a considerable length of time. It was while the driver was laboring the poor beast most unmercifully that our Vermont friend came with tremendous strides to the rescue.

"Jupiter all calamity!" exclaimed he, as he seized the drayman by the collar, and jerked him the distance of half a rod from his horse. "Strike that animal again and I'll strike you in such a shape that you'll think you've been kicked by a four-year-old colt!"

"What right have you to interfere in my business?" said the man doggedly.

"I don't interfere in your business," replied the Vermont, "that white horse belongs to the State of Vermont; there's no knowing but the soul of old Ethan is in the animal's body, and ain't you a d—d pretty looking customer to be flogging Ethan Allen in the street with a hoop pole? James Price and General Jackson, I've half a mind to pitch into you, anyhow!"

Recovering a little from his astonishment, the drayman said he couldn't stop to hear the talk of every drunken loiterer, and again advanced towards his horse. "Drunk or sober," said the Yankee, "You don't strike old Ethan again while I'm in Orleans."

"We'll see about that," said the other. "Jesse so," said the Vermont, "I guess I'll have to maul you anyhow—square off—I'm into you in less than no time, like four thousand of brick."

At the first pass the Vermont thrust his brawny fist into the face of his antagonist, and at the same time tripping up his heels with infinite dexterity, laid him sprawling upon the earth.

"Get up again and take a fair shake," said the champion of the horse, "it's fun for me to lick you and give you every advantage."

How the affair would have ended it is difficult to determine, but at this point in the affray a couple of police officers took the defender of Ethan Allen into custody and lodged him in the calaboose. He went with them peaceably, for, said he, "I'm cocked as a musket, but I always obey the law. I was brought up that way; never go agin the law said the old man to me when I left home."

When brought before the recorder in the morning he had forgotten all about old Ethan, said he had been on a bit of a bender, and was let off by paying for his lodgings at Harper's hotel.—[N. O. Picayune.]

VARIOUS NOTES.

Tom Hall, or better known as John Shawhan's Sorrel Tom, was a chestnut, fully 16 hands high with four white legs and blaze in face, of great length, immense power, and a very fast pacer. It was said that he paced in the sand at the Boone county (Ky.) fair in 2:26. He was the fastest pacer of his locality. He was foaled about 1849 or 1850, sired by Lail's Baldstokings, dam Nell, a large and fast pacer gray mare, by Caven's Davy Crockett. He made about three seasons in charge of M. J. Shawhan, Rushville, Ind.; then was brought back to his owner at Cynthia, Ky., and then taken to Indiana, where he died. This horse probably sired many good and fast horses that he never received credit for.—[Dutton's Spirit.]

A few miles outside of Lowell is the Winning Stock Farm, Billerica, Mass., John W. Bailey proprietor, where will be wintered a few good ones that will be heard from. Among the good ones may be mentioned the fine-looking bay stallion J. M. B., five years, and weighs 1020 lbs., sound and kind, and is by old Wedgewood, dam by Black Hawk. He is a very promising young one and can show a 2:30 clip nicely. Also a Winthrop Morrill mare that is in foal to J. M. B. that gives promise of speed; a pacer filly, by a son of Blue Bull, dam a Morgan mare, and last but not least is the black stallion Ned Cromwell, owned by Chas. B. Wood, superintendent of the farm. Ned Cromwell is nine years old, 16 hands high, weighs about 1000 lbs. in good condition, is perfectly sound and smooth, without a blemish of any kind. He is by Cromwell, he by Landseer, he by Gen. Knox. The dam was by Jerry, he by Hill's Black Hawk, he by Sherman Morgan. The stallion is clean-gaited, with a long stride and a rapid recovery. Mr. Wood intends giving him to Ollie Woodard the coming season, and it won't be too much to look for to see him trot down in the twenties. Besides the above stock Mr. Wood is handling some promising young stock. Mr. Wood is ably assisted by the well-known horse handler, "Sailor Tom," who speaks highly of the farm and of the men in charge. The Gilman's are wintering Eddie Wilkes at Springfield, Mass., in Eddie Bass' stable, and he is reported to be in the pink of condition. George is exercising a fine looking animal that report says is a flyer. He has also some nice young ones, and is always ready for a trial.—[New York Sportsman.]